Bring me the Satin Coffin ; lay the Babe
Vpon the Pillow ; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her : sodainely, woman.
2. Sir, we haue a Chest beneath the hatches,
Caulkt and bittumed ready.
Per. I thanke thee : Mariner say what coast is this ?
2. We are neere *Tharsus*.
Per. Thither gentle Mariner,
Alter thy course for *Tyre*, when canst thou reach it ?
2. By breake of day, if the winde cease.
Per. O make for *Tharsus*,
There will I visite *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus* ; there Ile leaue it
At carefull nursing : goe the wayes good Mariner,
Ile bring the body presently.

Exit.

Enter Lord Cerymon with a seruant,

Cer. Philemon, hoe.

Enter Philemon.

Phyl. Doth my Lord call ?
Cer. Get fire and meate for these poore men,
It hath beene a turbulent and stormy night,
Ser. I haue beene in many ; but such a night as this,
Till now I neare indured.
Cer. Your Master will be dead ere you returne,
Ther's nothing can be ministred to nature,
That can recouer him : giue this to the Pothecary,
And tell me how it workes.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Good morrow.
2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordship,
Cer. Gentlemen, why do you stirre so early ?
1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings standing bleake vpon the sea
Shooke as if the earth did quake :
The very principles did seeme to rend and all to topple,
Peur surprize and feare, made me to leaue the house,

2. *Gent.*

2. *Gent.* That is the cause wee tro
Tis not our husbandry.
Cer. O you say well.
1. *Gent.* But I much maruaile that
Hauing rich attire about you, should
Shake off the golden slumber of repo
Nature should be so couuersant with
Being thereto not compelled.
Cer. I hold it euer Vertue and Ci
Were endwomens greater, then No
Careless heyres may the two latter
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a God :
Tis knowne, I euer studied Physicke
Through which secret Art, by turnin
I haue together with my practise, ma
To me and to my aide, the best infu
In Vegitiues, in Mettals, Stones : and
Disturbances that Nature works, and
Which doth diue m. a more conten
Then to be thirsty after tottering H
Or tye my pleasure vp in silken Ba
To please the Foole and Death.
2. *Gent.* Your honour hath throu
poured foorth your charity, and hud
Your Creatures ; who by you hane
And not your knowledge, your per
But euen your purse still open, hath
Such strong renowne, as neuer shall

Enter two or three

Ser. So, lift there.
Cer. What's that ?
Ser. Sir, euen now did the sea toss
This Chest ; tis of some wracke.
Cer. Set it downe, let vs looke
Gent. Tis like a Coffin, sir.